

## can't keep pretending by milfbyers

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, sigh

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers

**Relationships:** Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2021-03-05

**Updated:** 2021-03-05

**Packaged:** 2022-04-01 18:08:26

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 944

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

“I should go home, Hop” She argued, ignoring the pout she saw on his mouth when she turned around to face him. His brow furrowed in concern, “Now? At what- 3am?” Joyce rolled her eyes. “We can’t keep doing... whatever this is and you know that.”

## can't keep pretending

### Author's Note:

i wrote this for anya and anya only.

It was uncomfortably warm for 3am in August. The humidity was sticking to Joyce's skin and she knew she was going to have to take another shower to wash it off of her. Her plan to smoke one cigarette had now turned into 3 and she was playing with the idea of already starting up the coffee maker, knowing sleep wasn't going to be her friend that night.

Joyce heard the back door creak open behind her and heavy footsteps on the porch followed soon after. "What are you doing out here?" His voice was still warm with sleep. Hopper's hands found her waist, a slight hint of desperation and want was found in the way he pulled her body against his. "Let me take you to bed" His voice was low in her ear and she wanted nothing more than to follow him, to let herself go as his hands unbuttoned his flannel that she was wearing and let it fall off of her shoulders-

"I should go home, Hop" She argued, ignoring the pout she saw on his mouth when she turned around to face him. His brow furrowed in concern, "Now? At what- 3am?" Joyce rolled her eyes. "We can't keep doing... whatever this is and you know that."

If she wasn't already so angry with herself, she would feel bad for the way she made his face drop. "Joyce, you don't have to go," Hopper reached for her again but this time it was gentle. "I can sleep on the couch and-" But she was already shaking her head.

"The boys will wonder where I've been, I can't keep making Jonathan watch Will like this." Joyce knew her argument wasn't going to hold. Hopper was too stubborn, too proud to let her walk away. Her back was now pressed against the railing and she was itching for another cigarette.

Hopper was standing by the door. He had only a pair of sweatpants on and she could see the marks she left beginning to turn dark red on

his chest. Her cheeks flushed in embarrassment. Joyce knew her own were already red down her chest, her hips, her thighs. Wherever he touched, he left a mark.

“You said the boys were staying the night with friends,” He argued, crossing his arms across his chest. An eyebrow was now raised and she knew he had caught her in a lie. She opened her mouth, desperate for an argument but she closed it soon after in defeat. “I just need to go home.” She repeated, hoping the lie was more convincing this time. Maybe if she kept repeating it, Joyce could leave without a fight.

Joyce didn’t want to stay the night again. She didn’t want to wake up with his arm around her waist and his breath on her shoulder. She didn’t want to admit she knew where everything was in his kitchen or that she knew exactly how he took his coffee. She wanted to forget the pull of her heart when she watched him walk in the kitchen with sleep still in the corners of his eyes and a yawn on his lips.

If they kept it at just sex, she could ignore how her heart started to race when he saw him or how the jealousy crept up her throat when he talked absentmindedly about going on a dates with other women (she made sure to leave a trail of marks across his chest and collarbones when she thought he was seeing someone else).

She could pretend she didn’t know the longing glances they gave each other when the other wasn’t looking.

She could keep him at arm’s length, she could let the only show of emotion be a sarcastic laugh at one of his horrible jokes or an eye roll when he walked into the store for the third time that day claiming “El sent me here for ice cream”.

Maybe she could postpone the confession of vulnerability just a little longer. Joyce wouldn't have to let him know how she feels, it could be her own secret (but not really, it never was).

But, the look in his eyes as he stood across from her on the porch told her that this had no chance at this staying as “just sex”. He was about to confess, to let the love he held for her overflow onto both of their hands, staining them with something they could never truly wash

away.

“Don’t say it, Hop. Don’t-” Joyce tried to start but his hands were on her face and his mouth was covering hers. This kiss was different. It wasn’t the usual needy and sharp and full of hands pulling at clothes while they tried not to trip over themselves.

It was soft and tender and Joyce felt tears prick her eyes with how good it felt to let him be so gentle with her.

Hopper pulled away from her and she grieved the loss of his mouth pressed against hers. “I’m not going to say it, not now. But tonight, you’re going to sleep in my bed and I’m going to make us breakfast. Then, we can talk about all of this when you aren’t too far in your head.” His voice was a whisper against the shell of her ear and she shivered.

“You can let yourself enjoy this, Joyce,” Hopper’s arms were around her waist and she found comfort in being pressed against his chest. “You deserve it, we deserve it together.” She nodded, the temptation of pushing him away was fading and was being replaced with a need to have him as close as possible.

#### **Author's Note:**

i read over this maybe once so if there are any errors,  
that is 100% my fault.

for some reason, i felt the need to write them. so  
here :|